

4/70

13th

Meaning

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Basically, literature is the capturing of a moment. This moment may be a brief one which had a poignant effect on the writer at the time of its occurrence. Technically, this might be seen in the form of a sketch done in prose or in a short lyric. A moment of more intense, complicated human involvement might result in a narrative poem or a short story or possibly an essay. Literature is simply viewing a time, a happening, and people. Literature is life being projected onto a screen which, for our purpose, is called the page.

The contributors and myself hope that you like our volume. Perhaps there is a 13th meaning for you in some work contained here. Any suggestions or further submissions should be given to Dr. Paul Edmunds (room 103). This is my last year as editor. I wish to thank all of the contributors for time they have devoted to writing for our magazine. I also wish to thank my husband, Bernard Steinmetz, who has designed our new cover with the slant of contemporary design. Anyone who is interested in learning about the technical angle of editing and laying out the magazine, should contact Dr. Edmunds.

Deborah Steinmetz '70

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Sweet Coffee Song

"... so few in reality are the necessities of man."

— N. Kazantzakis

dance to the bright bobbing
rhythm swelling around children throbbing to the
psychedelic banging in the land
of the big beat's blaring band

but

softly sweet coffee
sings
inside me

children search for alladin's
lamp to rub for a gift of answers which can't
be hard, must be loud 'cuz loud is easy
easy like a ford or chevy
trying to overtake a rolls
which wraps up poodles in fur lined clothes

but poodles are dogs which slobber
fogging up the windshields
wetting on the upholstery
just like dogs

someday they will fire me
only sweet coffee sings

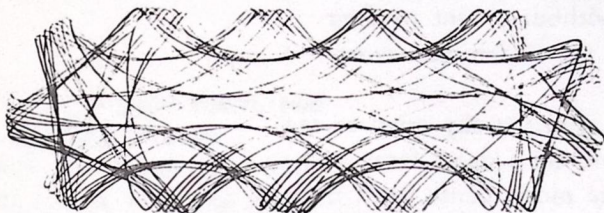
inside me

lovers crush and struggle down
to jewelry stores where rings abound cause
anyone can pay the price of togetherness

church is love
to brandish gold and polish
anything that's old and pray
for anyone that's cold
on sunday mornings

i rise early
 trot down to the pantry early
 and bernie brews
 the best sweet coffee
 She sits down and sips with me
 while god rolls over
 in his brass bed and others are nursing tender heads
 we're down in the pantry
 sipping
 sweet coffee

John Seagrave '70



I Have Screamed My Dream

I have screamed my dream into the silent walls,
 Caught the fragments as they bounced and tinkled,
 And run them through my fingers
 in the hourglass of hope.
 Kissed the pile with my breath
 Your face is full of shards.
 In the instant of your pain
 you know me
 And the warmth of our oneness is a live thing in the room.
 We reach to touch it, hold it.
 But it flits, it flies, is gone.
 Leaving me my broken dreams,
 and your face a sea of pain.

William Earls '72

WOODSTOCK

August, and the armies came forth,
A half million strong; they came,
From the east, from the west,
From everywhere. No battle was
Fought where they met. They were
Armies of Love, armies in love:
In love with life, with music,
With peace, with love

Three

Days, and they withdrew: back
Whence they came. Hungry, tired;
Cold, yet warm; happy, yet sad;
Many without a cent to their
Names, yet richer than most.

August, and the sky cried to see
The Love on a dairy farm, and to
Hear the music come forth from
Its heart, and the hearts of a
Generation.

Alfred J. LaFleche '72

New England, October

Summer went chameleon,
Shimmered out of green on green,
To reds,

 yellows, oranges.

Flame went up on a thousand hills,
And New England was a rolling, colored sea.
And the wind came,

 and the death came.

Dying embers fell to crackling ashes;
Gaunt, brown skeletons veined a cold, cerulean sky.

William Earls '72

The Sounds of Love

you'd think that we'd discover
as we bury one another
in sanctified earth and mud
that it's all one

and that dew forms
on the prison bars and runs down
steel prison bars
as the dawn breaks
and as the dawn breaks
dew forms on white marble
on cold stone slabs
marking sanctified earth and
mud and the sun
each morning evaporates
the dew
it's all one

John Seagrave '70

*Waves breaking on a quiet beach, two
Sets of feet splashing through
The tidal pools, and happy laughter:
These are the sounds of young love.*

*Crickets chirping on a cool summer
Night, two sets of feet moving through
Dew covered grass, the words, "I love you:"
These are the sounds of growing love.*

*An organ playing majestic music,
Nine sets of feet moving proudly in
A church, tender vows, "I do:"
These are the sounds of mature love.*

*A quick slap, a baby's first cries,
One set of feet pacing nervously,
A nurse saying, "Well, it's a boy:"
These are the sounds of the greatest love.*

*An organ playing very soft music,
Six sets of feet moving sadly up the aisle,
A woman's stifled sobs of pain:
These are the sounds of the ultimate love.*

Alfred J. LaFleche '72

*Blessed be God.
Blessed be Adam.
Blessed be Eve.
Blessed by all of mankind who
Plunder and pillage and rape and war.
Blessed by the Caesars, the Hitlers,
The Mao's, the Ho Chi Minh's, the Mussolini's.
Who are these People? Surely these are not men.
These are monster's.
Not men. Created by God?
No! Created by man.
Demons full of avarice, pride,
Devils who take but do not give.
Man's devils.
The blood of the newborn
Drips from his sabers
And from his bayonets.
The wife, filled with hate,
Clutches the flag that laid
Across the box as it was
Lowered into the breast of Mother.
Let he who has not sinned, cast the first bomb.*

Sarah Swirinowicz '71

Hmm.

Intricacies unresolved.

Images passionlessly blurred through a kaleidoscope

Unfulfilled desires and half-feared hopes

A scared ant on the arm of a lofty chair

A merry-go-round and who won the series

Damn the democrats

How do you feel

Too bad.

Accelerate and forget the complexities

Tomorrow

Beat the Russians

Go to Mars, Venus, or Jupiter

Speed up the merry-go-round

Damn the republicans

How do you feel

Too bad.

Ramifications unrelenting

A harshly muted synaesthesia

Bitter dreams and stale wishes

Russians unbeaten and who won the series

Oil the merry-go-round

Damn the world

How do you feel

Too bad.

Richard Rogers '72

The Train

And so, once again, the train
rolls north –
early –
as the sun breaks the dull butter clouds,
and tramples the linen fields
in iron smoke.

*(Jack buried his sister
yesterday
she's joined him at last
among flowered waterways)*

poisoned
by twisted beginnings
poured forth
into
down freshness
I used to drink from.
gone now
and dead at last.
happy?
no. not me.
they.

carried away
by mahogoney beaches
not yet
discovered by the gore swept
pipes
which drowned all before
them,
leaving a happy
full stomached stench
behind where I can no longer walk without falling.

(and Jack died before it happened)

And the stars shown down
before the train went by for
the first time
(many years before Jack died)
along the bleeding streets.

*(And only Jack who died
a year ago looking through
my window without his mind
knew whether the train had already passed.)*

Cotton Candy or Giant Mushrooms

*Under the shadow of cotton candy in the pearl-lined purse
Of that limitless expanse, in the world of dust and bloated air,
On the green-blue physiognomy of that precocious lithosphere
Called earth – through those snow-dressed peaks and sweating
Jungles, throughout pounding, swarming cities
To nomadic deserts, there are three billion people;
Each one is in his innermost heart praying for peace, and
Crying for love, yet maintaining the grim humourless facade
Of war, a visage of hatred, a constant, pejorative scene
Of violence – so like a naughty child pouting in a corner.
Shall love or giant mushrooms rule our world?*

Richard Rogers, '72

THE ROCK

My grandfather used to sit in
A big red rocking chair, an ashtray
With a statuette of a fisherman
By his side. He always had a bit of
The sea in his blood. When I was
Young, he would dress as Santa Claus
On Christmas Eve; I could never
Understand how come he was never there
When St. Nick would appear. I
Know why now: he loved me. My grandfather
Died three years ago. I wish I'd
Have known him better before that big
Red chair stopped rocking.

Alfred J. LaFleche '72

Fogbound Carrier

The fog had been stalking us all day,
First hulking like a sea-beast to port
Gathering and breaking like swallows in autumn
burying the island and the radar towers,
Opening like a placenta to drop a screaming, spitting Phantom
to the deck
slashed cord waving at the arresting wires, moaning in pain,
quivering — a silver fish on a line
It was thin, wispy — translucent amoebae scuttling across a pool
Solid — a gray, angry god with unending appetite,
the screaming planes whimpering to nothingness as they
were swallowed,
fleeing in terror as it spat them out
to heel like gulls across the sky — shadow pictures on a wall
or limp in like wounded birds, ungainly monsters with leaden legs.
Until the Vig came in, too low, too hard,
Wing tip scraped the safety net
and she rolled across the deck — an insane Fourth of July
hurtling sparks and JP-4 like molten spit
Until she leaned over the side to fall
twisted metal beneath a spreading oil slick
(two men dead and two young widows in Norfolk)
They canceled flight ops and the fog came in a winner.
On the bridge we were alone in a topless, bottomless, shadowless world.
The radar blipping into the ooze
The horn harsh in our ears
We drank coffee and talked of home in our loneliness and fear.

William Earls '72

To My Husband

I

innocent, baby-soft, cuddling the pillow as a child,
you sleep.
five more minutes — then i'll wake you.
five minutes til the stretching, purring, the good
morning kiss and parting for the day.
your little boy grin smiled at me and your eyes sparkle
with some mischevious thought —
tickling me makes me smile my little girl smile.
you wrap your arms about me —
a hug, a squeeze, and then my feet don't touch the ground.
parting is the saddest time of the day —

II

puppies raining,
(kittens, too)
softness wettened —
thoughts of you:
laying quietly —
the man you are —
real and dream.
purechild resting in this bed —
father? brother?
husband wed.
a king? a tyrant? —
a ruler—just,
a coward—punisher
when he must. a man who cuddles
who hugs me close —
he brings my dawn
and strengthens hope.

Deborah Steinmetz '70

MIDDLE AGED PORNOGRAPHY COLLECTOR

seeing through the smoke-filled
room only breasts
tightly harnessed under
multi colored sweaters
faces never matter
what matters is the mouth
taut in sensuous smile some
white sharp teeth
closed eyes
imagined sighs
breath welcome home
warm day in the park
tight white shorts covering lace
saturated with perspiration
say, when he looks
at one does he see all does
he love and hate them all
when he sees just one
oh you buxom macrocosim
dark in the fog
filled streets, my dear, after
a late night shopping spree
do you hear footsteps
following?
does your mind go back to
jack the ripper fantasies do
you hurry between streetlights
and when you're late in bed awake
to the noises of the house
that you've ignored all day long?
do you always close your curtains
draw your shades to save you
from the anxious eyes
panting in the shadows
half shaved with dirty shorts
and clean white collars
you, the virgin spoiled by eyes
take a bath and are renewed
we can only pull up our pants
and go home

John Seagrave '70

The Room of the Teddy Bear

His mother cries when she cleans
It; his father rarely enters. A poster
Of Dylan, with multicolored hair,
Hangs by the door. The bed is always
Clean and unruffled. The picture
Of a young woman sits on the dresser.
Unread books fill a shelf by the
Bed. For twenty summers he happily
Had watched the fireflies in the
Warm night; for twenty winters also,
He had watched the snow from the
Same window. His mother has sadly
Placed his first Teddy bear on
His bed. The tiny stuffed animal of the past
Seems to have sadness in his one
Button-eye. Can it be that this old friend
Realizes, too, that his owner
Will never be back? Could he know
What the priest said? That
This only child was killed in
Some steaming jungle; It is
Too sad even for a brave little Teddy bear.

Alfred J. LaFleche '72

SONG

I'll listen to your troubles
try to ease your sorrow
will you do the same for me
if i feel bad tomorrow

i get tight
you stay out all night
you come home
hoping that i'm alone

we used to talk
i'd tell you bout my day
relate little difficulties
that got in my way

you used to talk
about your housewife chores
gossip about the neighborhood whores
things the kids did

now that's over

it's not enough
small talk
just a waste of time
it's for the birds
for years
you haven't listened to a word
that i've been saying
habitual games
we've been playing
a new game now
did i hear you saying

it doesn't matter anymore

John Seagrave '70

Summer's Gone

Wheels turning
Blistered face
Vanished race . .
Found a place
In the sun.

Tidal wake
Salt and Weed
Cold in deed
For seed's goal —
Growth; not salt.

Graduation's
Imitation
Retards this
Pal of illusion
Grasping for more.

I dug my trench
So wide in naming
To conquer and create,
There's no room inside
When formless faces
Flash back to search
My make - believe.

The rain's shadows
Will laugh at this splashed
Remembrance
Of twisted frames
And endless names.

To be . .
To transform . .
To transcend . .
I learned to be myself.

Summer's trance
Of ebb and flow
Will again regenerate
This blistered face.

Stephen Alfield '70

You

I want you.

Tell me not of the rising sun or the mellowing moon
Show me not of the blossoming flowers in polychromatic array
Nay, none of your scented letters doused in perfume

I want you.

Show me no names carved on the gnarled oak tree
Give me no pictures signed with love - crazed words
Nay, none of your love - tokens so well caressed

Alone we'll break our burdened backs
And each will suffer and succumb.
Old men sit in dusty chimney corners awaiting death
Old women brood on lonely hearths biding time
Shall we fade away with the setting sun
Or together shall we face the coming day?

Richard Rogers '72

Autumn Vagaries

*It was late September, and love
Came to us: frightened at first,
Hesitating, just peeking around
Corners, from behind trees, and
Barely touching us, like a kiss
On the cheek.*

*Then October, and
Nature exploded into a spectrum;
Rainbows were born in the trees,
Burning so brilliantly that the
Rivers themselves seemed aflame.
And amidst all this color, love
Burst into fullest being for us.*

Alfred J. LaFleche '72

The Unwanted Rose

I am just relaxing on this quiet afternoon. It is a peaceful Sunday afternoon as I pleasantly reminisce over a volume of illustrated fairytales. All of a sudden the silence is shattered by the screech of brakes in my driveway and I see two corpulent bodies heaving their way towards my door.

"Oh no," I mutter and think of the cataclysm of garrulity that gushes through Rose's pasty lips. Quite resigned to fate, I open the door and manage a forced smile welcoming them into my haven. I usher them into the living room, first Rose and then Harry. Poor Harry, I thought, all he does is sit and look dumb — besides look at his wife. His wife and I are mortal enemies. Somehow, somehow I must rid myself of these frivolous creatures.

Talk talk talk spatters from Rose. She is, of course, only interested in my wife so that she might replenish her almost endless supply of gossip.

"And where is your wife?" Rose interrupts herself for a moment.

"She went out," I stated rather abstractedly.

"But your car is in the garage," Rose purrs, her eyes coming closer together.

"My wife has gone for a walk," I say helpfully. Rose starts, her forehead is a sea of wrinkles; Rose stares at me but is too polite to remind me that my wife is half crippled. Well, she thinks that I am a little odd, so what.

After another spurt of chatter Rose returns to the subject of my wife. "How is your wife feeling?" she asks.

"Just fine," I answer and devilishly add, "hot and toasty," giving Rose a toothy grin.

Rose looks at me questioningly; what does he mean, she thinks, hot and toasty? He is nuts. "When do you expect your wife to return?" she queries. I could tell the words hot and toasty were deeply imprinted on her shallow brain.

"Sometime, sometime," I reply studying the contour of our ceiling. I could almost see her thinking, something is wrong and see her panting, hot on the chase.

There is the distinct odor of burning flesh coming from the old kitchen stove. This smell spreads slowly through the room. Rose immediately perks

up sniffing the air like a bloodhound. "Something is burning," she announces profoundly.

"It's nothing," I reply.

But as the scent grows stronger, the buxom woman bounces out of her chair. I gently place my hand on her shoulder restraining her elephantine body. "My dear Rose," I exclaim, "please do not bother yourself about anything."

Rose, a little flustered, drops back into the chair which creaks in agony. Rose tries to change the subject her brow troubled, "What book are you reading?"

I smile indulgently and hold out the book of fairy tales. Rose appears a little shaken, as I flit through the illustrated pages. "And this," I conclude, "is one of my favorite fairy tales." I turn to Hanzel and Gretel. "Look at this beautiful picture!" I exclaim. Rose shudders. "Aren't those pretty little hands as they push the crippled old witch into the hot oven?" I demand.

Dull, befuddled Harry who has been sitting morosely in his chair speaks up with sudden life. "I bet she got toasted right and proper," he remarks with relish.

"We really must be going," Rose says abruptly.

"But I have just begun," I protest temptingly showing her a picture of the witch burning. Rose lunges out of the living room but is momentarily stopped by the sight of the old-fashioned time-worn oven. I hurriedly follow her. Noting her appalled stare I generously remark, "This spacious oven has so many uses." Through the long narrow grates drifts the odor of burning meat.

"You know," I observe, "this oven is almost large enough to cook a . . ." I stop speaking — Rose's painted cheeks have turned ashen. On her trembling lips she grotesquely forms the word 'wife'. By this time the lumbering Harry is in the kitchen. Rose pushes him towards the outside door. As they begin to depart, I stop Rose with these words, "Are you sure you don't want to stay for dinner?" I chuckle. "We are serving something unusual." With a shriek Rose ran to the car tugging the dumfounded Harry along. For the first time I am enjoying Rose's visit. I must wake up my wife and tell her about the ham. I peek at the ham through the faithful oven door. I decide to let my wife sleep and take out the charred ham. I lean back in my reclining chair and begin to muse over my fairy tales.

Richard Rogers '72

my hand is cold and trembling.

somehow i have betrayed you.

this hand so warm when you are

near to keep it warm

is anxious now.

this hand, if it could speak, would say:

hold me.

make me need you til

there is no other

who could take your place

caress, reassure —

let no other

exterior or interior interest enter.

i struggle. i need your strength.

bear me thru this trial.

Deborah Steinmetz '70

a man needs a garden to cry in
a place that is fragrant with lying
when night closes in
there's no way out for him

we build walls

inside ourselves limits

in our minds

which govern what we are

dictates all the treasures

we may find

we all need places to cry in
gardens free from spying eyes
when safety is small
when dark covers all

John Seagrave '70

You and I

As I
 look in your eyes,
As I
 feel your warm embrace
I know from what
 I see
 I feel
You are love:
 warm,
 pure,
 true,
Love that no one but you
 feels for me
 and
 receives from me;
Love that only
 you and I
 share
 now and until eternity.
Open and unfearful
 we grow together,
 learn together,
 but especially
 love together.
From us-we-the center of this love-
 radiates
 a love
to others, but only because
 we love -
 you and I.

Sallie Beaumont '72

Song for Jim

golden silver halos
of saints elude me
in my search for meaning
only street neon finds its way
into my fields of vision

wandered with a boy whose
gut was filled with love
and whose mind was filled with
acid that no kind of rolaid can ease

the pain of broken dreams
to escape from at the crude
yet tender age of seventeen

i sing of myself to him how

while looking for a wall containing
a door to reality that could be
blown open to reveal a tangible
golden path to freedom running
scared i ran with you
did the things we learned to do

you would laugh at me today
if you could remember how to laugh
he sought a door inside himself we
who went the same route parted ways
we'll keep in touch old water brother
never wander from each other

i still look for you in the early
mornings sometime

(song for jim who'd understand
if he had not taken a fatal overdose
of heroin)

John Seagrave '70

Hear the whispering voice

Calling through the night.
So soft and gentle
Like a velvet-petaled rose
In early spring.
Then, through the early
Morning dew,
Footsteps make their way
To my door.
Awakening with a start,
I wait.
You stop, then continue in.
And once again
Side by side
A new love begins
As the rising sun
Makes its way into the sky.
A love that knows
No such limit is born.
And so you see,
I understand
And wait in longing
For that special morning.

Patricia A. Hoeg, '73

WITHOUT I CORINTHIANS 13

If all you wanted from me was love
We would not have
known barricades
exceeding those we had
Before
we shared our souls
But you were like the others
So was I
Too concerned with Self
Dreams
and the world
According to Me.

Cynthia A. Sharron '73

A Meditation

An excuse to live . . .

A reason to exist .

For Life means death, and death, life.

Why should not man follow the lead of the salmon

And go to rest when his job is done?

Man must take up his dreams

And make them real,

Or cheat the rest of the world

By living.

Richard Rogers '72

Don't speak of Hell.

I know the place.

I have been there.

Lead merrily along an escapade.

Through the dismal chambers

Hearing the screams of half muffled voices

Cut off sharply by a horror unknown

Floating past colored doors

Where laughter turns miserably to sobs.

Yes, I have been there.

I have taken the hand

Of He who directs, but will not follow

Into the caverns of the blackest night—

Rooms of distorted faces laughing,

Endlessly laughing.

I was too terrified to cry.

Sarah Swirinowicz '71

Brigham

He had never seen another child. Brigham was a true flower child, for at the age of five, he was the youngest member of a group of "drop-outs from society." He never missed the companionship of other children, though, because he had never experienced it. His life was filled with happiness and the love of his "parents," because all the adults gave him special attention and care and no one was ever too busy to romp with Brigham.

Nancy was his true mother, though, and it was evident to everyone that he could not belong to all of them, for when Brigham was hurt and in need of comfort, or tired, and in need of repose, his natural instincts drew him to Nancy and she answered his needs.

The commune was situated in up-state New York, near one of the many secluded little hamlets found in that region. The red earth lay rich and fertile, and acres of rolling countryside displayed fields of corn and herds of grazing cows. The air always felt fresh and sweet, the stigma of air pollution not having spread that far north yet. The villages impersonated miniature old Dutch and German towns, each house with its slanting rooftop and wide front door. The people worked hard, and played even harder and kept the two separated from each other. Conscientious and independent people, they minded their own business, but lent a helping hand whenever it was deemed necessary.

The commune was located in the forest, about seven miles above Gabriel, the hamlet in the valley. The villages and the forest-dwellers had little to do with each other. The people in the commune rarely went into the valley except to stock up on certain supplies that they were unable to make or produce themselves. When they did visit, though, the villagers were friendly and courteous to them, having accepted the idea of people living in such a unique environment.

Amazingly enough, Brigham had never seen the "civilized" world since he was less than a year old, and being so young, he remembered nothing and therefore, he missed nothing. He knew

nothing about cars or televisions or telephones. He had never held a toy pistol nor had he ever wanted to. Baby aspirins and cough medicine had never touched his lips, and his arms had never felt the sting of a tetanus shot. He did not know the first thing about the proper procedure for crossing a street at five o'clock in the afternoon, nor was he possessed of a fear of speaking to strangers. He had never seen a small animal or bird crushed dead in the middle of paved roads. Some would call Brigham a very ignorant little boy.

Yet he could identify every kind of tree and flower that grew in the woods. There wasn't a bird or animal alive with whom he couldn't make friends. He learned how to swim by the time that he was three and had taught himself to read the books available to him at the age of four. Never had he suffered from a cold. He respected his mother and the other adults in the commune and understood that he would have to do his share in the work. Brigham never awoke screaming from a nightmare because in his world there were no monsters. His universe revolved around nature and the commune where he made his home.

The commune was a small village in itself. Surrounding the altar in the center were a dozen small dwellings made from straw and wood. In a clearing approximately thirty yards from the altar, there blazed a huge campfire. The work of the commune was done around this fire. These twenty people raised and cooked all their own food; they made their tools and clothing and built their dwellings by hand. They rose with the sun, beginning work immediately and not stopping until late afternoon. They then assembled around the fire-lit altar and sang or talked or just meditated. And Brigham was among them always. Of course he played far more than he worked, but he still carried a share of the responsibility. After sitting for a while after dusk, he would eventually begin to nod and one of the men would carry Brigham into his hut where Nancy would put him to bed. And so Brigham lived and loved and was happy and content.

Then one sunny Spring afternoon, Brigham was playing in a tree out of sight of the camp. The others in the commune were busy planting the spring crop and were far from Brigham's tree site. The foliage was at its thickest and he was unable to see anything

through the branches; only by looking down could he see the ground some distance away.

After playing by himself for a while, he heard voices coming closer and closer. He distinguished the sound of a man's low, rumbling voice and a woman's mellow tones. However, there was a third voice, a high, lilting one; a child's voice. The little girl to whom it belonged was laughing excitedly.

Brigham had never been close to other children, and therefore he was very curious as to what they were like. But strain his neck as he might, he could not catch a glimpse of these newcomers at all. The leaves and branches formed too heavy a screen for a five-year-old boy. But there was no real need for him to become frustrated because the little girl unknowingly and innocently obliged Brigham by running over and sitting down underneath the very branch that he was perched upon. And Brigham received the first real shock of his life.

The little girl had short black hair and big, brown eyes just like Brigham's. But she was very, very different from Brigham in another way and so Brigham did nothing but stare.

Presently, the little girl rose and ran off to her mother and father and they continued their hike. When their voices became swallowed by the dense woods, Brigham climbed down and ran all the way back to the dwellings. It was near sundown and Nancy and the others had already returned from the fields.

Everyone sat down to eat; everyone that is, but Brigham. He just stood and stared at his mother and all of his other friends. They were each different and unique in their own special way, and yet in one respect they were all exactly alike, including Brigham; and it was in this one way that they were all so different from that little girl.

He sat down with the others and was handed his dinner and a wooden mug filled with milk. By accident he spilled a drop of the milk on his arm. The little girl re-entered his mind for the milk reminded him of her. That was the color of her skin. Pure white.

He looked up at the others sitting there; all the people whom he loved.

Brigham wiped the milk from his arm.

Setta Heroian '73

The Stream

sliding
on slippery rocks
does not affect the world
too much
yet it wanders
on and on
splashing
falling
living
dying
flowing nowhere
everywhere
accepting the will
of anything
obstructing
on the surface
but always relentless
underneath
and nothing can really
hold it
or confine it
for too long
except who
that where it
started
gives it pale blood

William Percious '73

Sixties Are Shot

happy go nothing freedom
for half a decade
seven short years of fulfillment

of coming
of age

all our guns still smoking
millions are dead
our dead

defunct
rotting carcasses adding to
the pollution of the nitrogen
fixation cycle

the universe, god's hotrod,
has four flat tires and no spare
jesus, came with metric wrenches
couldn't repair anything
repaired to the garage
for the proper tools

anyway
time to tow it away
start off new

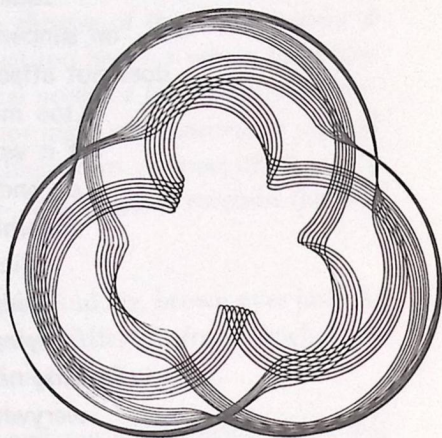
america

junk yards nothing new to you
caught the flue
died in a maternity ward
self-induced abortion

trees are beautiful
think of all the toothpicks in one
redwood think of all
the profit in plastic m16s one
in every kid's closet

65 junior closes his toy closet
door forever and burns down his
room you should have
known all that tv would warp us
brought up by batman
permanently in love with lucy
gidget i love you

67 years of poets
years of progress
could not stall the age of aquarius



innocent year before election
innocents march to washington
ask mailer, whoever he is

man rides a carousel
forever failing to grasp golden rings
decade of atomic kids
who traded davey crockett for

timmy leary coonskins
for all the rainbow colors
cops test everyone's tongue
 for the proper ph
mostly illegally

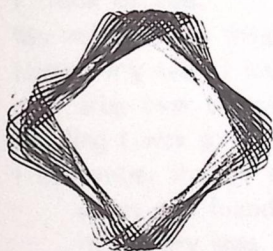
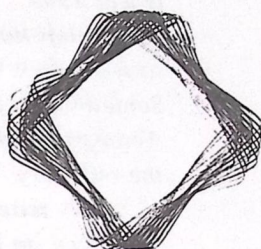
 the birthrate soars
girl scouts move back to cities
all those boy scouts left
 to beat off among the evergreens

69 man reached to the moon
discovered a windless sahara
worthy only of growing rocks
unworthy of water

me

took me from twelve to twenty two
from boy to man as it were
inside i still bear scars
crucified dead jesus
 seven times
resurrected only twice

 took me, along with millions,
to chicago



dropped me off at funerals
picked me up on street corners
taught me fear of burning cities
 burning buddhists
 burning draft cards

civil rights act
clipping old eagles wings
we all got to fly
 or nobody flys

decade taught me to sing
when all i knew was laugh or cry
taught me to govern my shouting
universe, again

nameless mass of protoplasm
throbs in its own death spasm
a cannibal thing
 eating itself

tragic

but unimportant from here

John Seagrave '70

Last Before New Life

*It was 1965
when I left home
to seek . . .
Something in New York City
Among the other millions
the old story*

reiterated

*Seventeen on Eighteen
I found a friend in Figaro's
a legend I became a part of
Growing, exploring, knowing new
people and life styles
First cigarette, first joint, first man
Wild, freedom chained
blowing insane*

*a link from Bohemia to Beats to Hippies
from Ferlingetti to Ginsberg to Dylan
Belonging . . .*

*Found a place of non-rejection
all rejects, fanatics, crazy, outcasts
harboured in the Figaro incubator
until we could face*

Whatever

*we had run away from
or To*

*And there I knew
what it's all about
to be Old
at Nineteen.*

Cynthia A. Sharron '73

Now Peace

*Man steps forth into the heavens,
Onto the Moon. For a moment, all are
As one. Pride fills all. Tears flow.*

*The three Ring-bearers return: heroes
To the race, and it sighs relief, joy.
They say, "And now, peace for all!" But
The world still groans with war.*

Alfred J. LaFleche '72

THOUGHTS

As I sit and watch the smoke curl upward
Making strange tiny smoke rings that swirl and burst
as the wicked breeze ruins my creation,
I think of you.
My mind recalls the morning I watched you sleep.
Hiding my tears I journeyed to the beach to watch the sun
arise over the white peaked waters.
Finding I was gone, you searched for me.
I remember the joy that was in your tear-streamed face
when you found me gazing at the tide as it lapped
its hungry jaws around my ankles.
You had thought I'd left, gone forever as was the arrangement
at the beginning of our love.
How foolish you were then to think it had been my arrangement.
As I burn the last race of you from my mind,
My heart mutters, "But, I loved him".

Sarah Swirinowicz '71

Lost Love

*My love forget that I have lived
Your love for me has never been
Once I thought we would be one
But, now for me my life is done
When I look into your eyes
I can see your love has died
And with this death your love for me
My life on earth can no longer be.*

*A man alone, forsaken by all
Can still exist if love still calls.
But if this voice should also cease
The man alone becomes a beast.*

A. S. Martin '70

*Schools crowded
Shrouded years
Of Afterthought
Brought cinders
Kindled with books;
Looks of teachers
Preaching not to waste.
Now I face
Embers of a mind.*

Stephen Alfield '70

SAM'S SERMON

(comprehension of the scene is necessary)

we have time for one more child
a baby to live in again
to teeth and burp and change
diapers for to teach baseball
and the pledge allegiance

we have time to make another
child of god

but what about money
do we have enough to afford one

we have cash for one more child
a baby to grow for us again
to feed and wean and buy
capguns for to teach football
and the 23rd psalm

. . . and teach the world that MALTHUS
was a BOOGY MAN clown who scares only
the WICKED IGNORANT MASSES . . .

John Seagrave '70

Rebirth

I climbed a tree
on a hill
And me and the tree
together cast
Blue shadows on the snow;
Watched children sliding
on another hill

laughing

as children laugh
And knew
That He
had cleansed
the years
of lost innocence
That He
had given me
Life Again

Down from the tree
across the hill
I stopped
And loved Him
Breathed
And thanked Him

Looking up
I saw
pointing strong and skyward
on the other hill
A trinity of evergreens.

Cynthia A. Sharron '73

Silent Night

The Salvation Army Santa Claus stands on the corner clanging his bell and handing out leaflets to any shopper generous enough to throw a nickel into his cup. The street lights are adorned with artificial trees and store windows are lit up with Christmas decorations which shout the season's greetings. Men, women, and children alike push and shove, their arms loaded with packages containing Motorific Monsters and Barbie dolls. There is a traffic cop shouting orders at pedestrians and swearing at cars which speed by too close for comfort. Grim looks of determination canvas the Christian's faces as they proceed to finish their shopping duties while the Jews listen on in mute joy at the ring of their cash registers. On the fourth floor of the city's largest department store sits a scrawny, undernourished Santa whose "Ho Ho" comes out more like a sick giggle. And everyone has the same complaint - "Isn't it a sin the way they're commercializing Christmas?" Who "they" is, no one seems quite sure.

Margurite Savela goes to the bank with her four grown sons and their landlady who lives downstairs because the Savelas are newly arrived from Puerto Rico and have little understanding of English. The teller looks them over before the landlady begins translating. The teller takes her time, stops to file her fingernails, pops a piece of gum into her mouth, swaps a bit of gossip with the teller next to her and finishes the five minute job with the Savelas in a record-breaking thirty minutes. On departing, Mrs. Savela gives her a big smile and a "Merry Christmas" in broken English. As they turn away, the teller turns to her friend and remarks, "Talk about Spicks, Ugh!" Mrs. Savela hears the words but is blessed in her ignorance of their meaning.

Two "hippies" stand in the doorway of a men's clothing store. They have been there for over an hour just watching the people going by. One of the salesmen or perhaps the manager of the store steps out and asks them, "Are you waiting for a bus?"

"No sir," comes the answer.

"Well, what are you doing here?"

"Nothing."

"Then get the hell out of here. Go scare _____'s (competitor) customers away. We don't need freaks decorating our sidewalk!" And as he turned to walk away, a disgusted "Jesus Christ" came from his lips.

The two boys watched his retreat into the store, and then one asked his friend, "Did you hear those last two words?"

"Yes, but I doubt if he did," and they slowly walked away.

An old woman walks slowly, laden down with a huge shopping bag filled with gifts. She wears her Chesterfield coat almost down to her ankles and wisps of white peek out from under an outrageous fur hat. Younger people rush by her, racing to meet their deadlines. But, smiling, she doesn't hurry, she doesn't race. It seems as if her long past sped by in a flash; she doesn't want her short future to do the same.

In the window display there are all sorts of marvelous and wonderful animated elves and reindeer working in Santa's workshop. They are made from fluffy stuff and velvet and silver and it seems that out of nowhere the pretty tinsel angels are singing "Noel." There is another little angel standing outside the window, staring. She is about three feet tall, with long, slinky blonde hair and all dressed in blue and white. To her, the display is a wonderland and for a moment she is caught in it. But only for a moment.

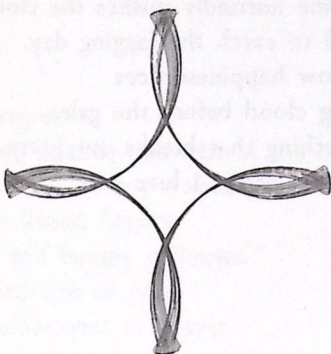
"Come on Leona! Mommy still has a lot of places to go." And a tired voice and firm grasp rudely tear a child from her dreams only to enter a frozen world. On the ground a crippled beggar sits, torn and ratty, selling his pencils for whatever he gets. His face holds not cheer nor exasperation, neither is there anger or happiness. His expression is that of stony resignation; the worst of all things that can happen to a man have happened to him; things may not get better, but on the other hand, they can not become worse.

All over the city, horns are honking, bells are jangling, lights flash on and off in rhythm to the tune of "Jingle Bells" which is blaring from the loudspeaker in front of city hall. Cops whistle

and tired voices complain. Children cry and drunkards laugh.

And everywhere there is a silence – if we really try – we can hear it.

Setta Heroian '73



Alienated Lovers Song

Subways are unnecessary
in the confines of this city
Taxis serve the transportation needs

Wealthy bums all stagger sideways
stop at bars that line the highways
Scotch and Soda softness on the tongue

Factories with smoke-stacks rising
blinking lights and buildings climbing
laughing couples walking arm-in-arm

I'm alone and cold in neon
winking frosty warnings to me
you know this place, it's safe to walk alone.

Late at night I leave the city
crying girls will pray for pity
but tomorrow they won't know I've gone

John Seagrave '70

Mary

There is a beginning and there is an end
And for some the beginning is the end.
One night
Strange how time hurriedly pushes the clock's arms
As if night had to catch the lagging day.
Stranger still how happiness flees
Like a scudding cloud before the gale.
You have something that breaks our petty pace
And Mary Mary, I love you.

Fifty Years

(to a lost Mary)

*A hoary seer etched in the troubled sky
His feet weak but firmly planted on
The dark and lonely top of a solitary hill
His eyes searching the inscrutable clouds
His gaunt but kindly face wreathed with
A silver fleece of old and dying age
His stiff crippled hands painfully reaching out
His whole body uncontrollably shuddering
And the wordless cry pierces the silence
Why?
It hollowly echoes Why?
A wrenched cry of despair . . . then nothing
The wind sighs but the heavens are still.*

Richard Rogers '72

Girl Is Gone

Girl is gone.
Set down the kiss,
Hang up the laugh,
Let the spiders of regret
 spin their silken, opaque cobwebs in the cathedrals of
 my memory.
And now my breast-kissed fingers
 tap their hard and hungry callouses
 on the kettledrums of hope
 and the windowpanes of prayer
In a tuneless, toneless dirge
For the corpse that was my love
 and the body that was mine
In the instant of our love
And the summertime of happy.
Gone: the white and tipped with pink
 soft beneath my kisses
 pulsing through my fingers
Falling, like a broken haystack
Across the mirror of my eyes
Reflections of her face, her body
(Oh, the body that was mine!)
And now I hurt all over
 for the eternity of gone
 is just an instant older
And still
 girl is gone

William Earls '72

Heritage

your father drank himself to death
my mother often cried
when i would sneak in late at night
without an alibi

well-he's dead-i don't know why
was my usual reply
but lately, thinking about my mom
i know why father died

FAT FATHER

when attacked by wolves all 'round him
did draw a shiny double-edged
dagger lunged and parried
all through life
broke canine fang with tempered steel
Alas, he lost his footing
in slippery slush
fell on his own blade

Thus, my SIRE died

CARVING HIMSELF, with his own knife
to serve a feast for his enemies

mother taught me bible stories
morality and truth dad took me
to the dentist once when i fell
and broke a tooth
mom would talk about good things
that'd happen on judgement day
fridays dad would come home tight
the day that he got paid

man, he never beat on mom
he never called her swears
but, he never complimented her
on the way she fixed her hair

i have a lot of nice memories
to look back upon

isn't it strange the way most of us
don't know what's going on

John Seagrave '70

